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1919

NETOP

SOPHOMORE NUMBER

Published quarterly by the students of the
Turners Falls High School at
Turners Falls, Mass.

OUR COMPLIMENTS

TO

THE SCHOOLS

OF

MONTAGUE

KEITH PAPER COMPANY

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Truck Driver—"I'm well, thanks, but me engine's dead!"

Teacher—"What is a skeleton?"

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Teacher—"Can any little boy tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

Small Boy—"I can. Lakes are nicer to swallow when you fall in."

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good."

J. Jameson—"Yes, I'm pretty
good."

R. Kells: (in an anxious voice)
"But, do you think I'll be able to
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J. Jameson—"Certainly."

R. Kells—"Thanks old boy, I never
could play one before."

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THE SOPHOMORES

We are a very busy class,
We work and strive to win
The highest honors of the school,
And never say, "give in."

The aim of all within this class,
You doubtless all have heard
To lead the school in all respects.
(Which you may think absurd).

But look upon the honor roll,
Look upon our past "affairs,"
And then I'm sure you'll all agree,
The Sophomores are THERE!

H. CLARK, '23.

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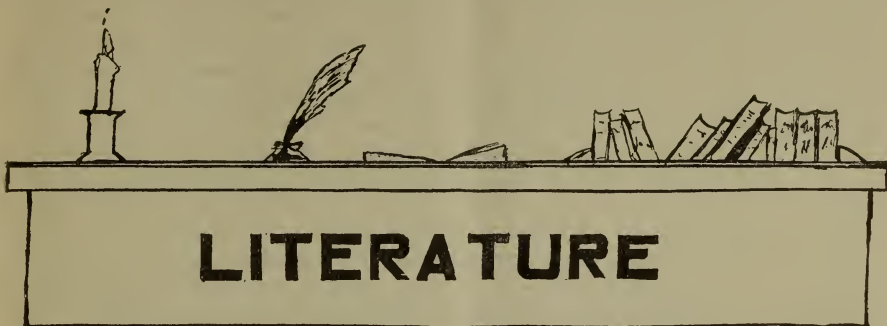
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MENTION "NETOP"



LITERATURE

BAFFLING SHADOWS

A Serial By James Cassidy

As the chief of the bureau of Secret Service, I have been summoned to solve many and strange mysteries, yet I have never come across any case in the annals of the detective world which could in any detail equal or even approximate in interest that almost supernatural case which I am about to relate to you.

The first knowledge that I gained of this preposterous affair was upon the opening of a letter sent from the Orient, by a dear friend and fellow detective, who was at the time chief of the Eastern Secret Service Bureau. It was brief and to the point and yet it caused a furore in the department that was unequaled even in times of war. For the news within that yellowed and be-stamped envelope was of such grave import that it immediately became obvious that swift and sure action alone, could avert an impending calamity which would seal the doom of the United States and shake the whole world to its very foundations.

The horrible truth of this epistle was verified with startling reality the next day when news was rushed to

me that a gigantic iceberg was found in New York Harbor lodged in the main channel and strangest of all, was increasing in size hourly. I hurried with all possible speed down the harbor to a place where I could obtain a near and unobstructed view of this phenomenon. Sure enough, it was growing so fast in fact, that one could almost see it grow, and with it grew a plume of steam which issued from a sort of crater in the center of the berg. It had already filled up the channel so as to bring commerce to a stand-still within the harbor and was slowly but surely filling up the harbor itself. It had already taken its toll of human lives, for that morning, in the dim gray dawn, the mighty liner, Celtic, had collided with it and had gone down with all on board. How it had come no one knew and everybody was baffled, including myself, nevertheless I started systematically to investigate. At last, with the aid of my staff, I arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. Even though it was nearly midnight we set to work, immediately getting together the necessary apparatus for the work we had

laid out for the following morning. Bright and early we had ready several aeroplane bombers loaded with TNT bombs. We started off at the first light of day and bombarded that berg for hours. It was tedious and precarious work, and the hardships attached were almost unbearable for at one time we almost froze to death from the intense cold of the berg, while at another time we were scalded when the steam plume shifted and enveloped us. But at last our mission was accomplished for one of the TNT bombs that we were dropping landed squarely into the mouth of the crater, the result was immediately apparent, for the plume of steam stopped, the berg shivered and broke into several large pieces, which floated off in as many directions; these however, were soon towed out to sea.

Three days later I was summoned to the office of the Chief of Police where I was informed of the mysterious death of the noted Dr. Meredith, a man famous in the world of science and beloved by all his countrymen. Arriving at the scene of his death I learned that he had dropped dead

after reading a suspicious looking letter which he still held clinched in his now cold hand. At the moment of my arrival a doctor entered and with the help of his assistant cautiously performed an autopsy. He pronounced death due to some violent poisoning which fact was later confirmed after the letter had been given over to a chemist for examination. The death of this same chemist occurred soon after and it was thought wise to seal the letter in a glass tube and bury it deep in the earth.

A few minutes after I arrived home I received a telegram which had been sent from Montana. It was so urgent that I immediately started for Montana assisted by the N. Y. aeroplane police who kindly offered to convey me to my destination with all possible haste.

We arrived after a speedy and dangerous voyage. On the way I made the acquaintance of my pilot, Capt. Hanold, Chief of the N. Y. aeroplane police, a daring and dauntless young man who soon proved a trusty friend and a priceless asset to me.

(To be continued)

A TRIP TO HAWAII

On September 18, 1919 I left San Francisco on the good ship San Fernando for Hawaii. I had a pleasant voyage and on September 26 landed in the harbor of Honolulu.

I left the ship about eight o'clock in the morning to "see the town". The first place of interest that I visited was the aquarium. There were hundreds of different fish swimming in the waters and some of them were highly colored. This aquarium is the most wonderful in the world and when, in the year of 1915, it was

moved to the World's Exposition in California, hundreds of people crowded daily to view it. I was very much impressed at the splendor of the island and after seeing all the beautiful scenery—you think, I suppose, that I started away again, but this was not the case.

I was so impressed by the beauty of the island that I decided to stay longer. The steamer was scheduled to leave the next day, but I made arrangements with the captain, who was a dear friend of mine, to

pick me up on the return voyage from China. I had my baggage brought to a hotel and spent the rest of that day fixing up my room to suit me. About eight o'clock that night I walked along Waikiki Beach and watched the bathers having their sunset swim. The Hawaiians are very fond of the water and some of the greatest and most wonderful swimmers today are natives of this island. I was especially glad to see "Duke", the champion surf rider of the world, perform out on the waves. As it was growing late, I went to the hotel and retired for the night.

I awoke early the next morning and after a hearty breakfast I went out on the street. As I was slowly walking along, I heard the peculiar hum of an engine caused by leaving the cut-out open. I paid no attention to it until it stopped beside me. I wondered who could be stopping for me, and as I glanced up quickly I saw that the four occupants of the Rolls-Royce were my former classmates at Harvard. Of course, I was overjoyed at seeing them. After talking awhile and passing compliments, they asked me where I was going. I told them that I wasn't going anywhere in particular. As they said they had room for another in the car, I took their hint and hopped in. As I sat there I began to realize the value of friends and if anyone had glanced at me they would have seen a smile cover my face, for I was glad and couldn't keep it back. Of course, we did not ride along in absolute silence and I found out they were going to stay all winter. I had planned to go home sooner, but the meeting of my pals changed my whole program and I decided to stay for the winter. We were passing the beautiful country when one of the party noticed many large buildings and troops of cavalry on a level stretch of land. We knew

at a glance that this was an artillery and cavalry post and so Bud, who was driving the car, stopped it by the wayside. We walked into the fortifications and I expected to be ejected every moment but in times of peace, I learned, the military authorities are not very strict. They did stop us from carrying our cameras inside the fort. We watched the cavalry and artillery in practice and after this was over we went to Diamond Head, which is a large volcano at the outskirts of the fort. As it was getting late we started for home, arriving just at dusk. Then we went to the hotel and turned in.

Early the next morning I went to the post office, expecting some mail from home. I was delighted at hearing from the good old U. S. and I fairly danced with joy. After putting the letter in my pocket I looked around and remarked to myself, "What a funny post office! All the windows are on the porch!" About ten o'clock I met the rest of my chums who had just gotten up and were still yawning. We went to the garage and took the automobile and traveled once more through the country. The first point of interest was a long row of palms called royal palms. These beautiful trees are so white that their trunks look as if somebody had whitewashed or painted them. A little farther on we came to fields of sugar cane and pineapples. I thought, for a minute, we were going through a corn field but I soon saw it was sugar cane. Natives were out cutting the cane, dressed in peculiar costumes. Around their legs they wore spirals like the ones our soldiers wore in France, and on their heads large hats with flaps that covered the back of the neck. I soon understood that these contrivances were worn to stop the cane from cutting them. As we passed on we saw

a funny looking tree in the distance. One of my friends who was familiar with the country told me that it was called the papaia tree and that it grew from a seed and bore fruit all in one year. I didn't believe him, but I didn't say anything, because I thought I might hurt his feelings if I got to arguing with him. Beside these trees, we saw the large bunches of bananas hanging down from the trees, with the bananas growing up towards the sun instead of hanging down as we see them in the stores. A little farther on we came to a tree that looked as if it was on fire. This was the flame tree and its color was similar to that of a flame of fire. We now came to high hills and we were afraid to go up them in our high-powered car. We saw another car high up on a narrow road and as we watched for a moment we saw it go tumbling over a cliff. We rushed to help them, but some of the natives of the hills were there before us. One of the natives put his shoulder to the car and lifted it over on to its wheels again, for it was turned completely over. My first thought of this, feat of a strong man, was, "what a marvel he is." But I learned afterward that this was no great feat for them and they thought nothing of lifting anything up to five hundred pounds. I thought, as I watched them work, what a fortune a man could make by selling a couple of these men to Barnum and Bailey's circus. Any man who captured one would have to be pretty clever and woe to the common man who should try it. All the occupants, of the car who were tourists from Canada, were killed and I was glad we had not attempted to climb the hill in our car. As there was nothing more to see we went back to our hotel and hung around the lobby and office, joking and telling stories to the bell hops, who were as thick as centipedes when a good time was on, and as scarce as chickens' teeth when work was to be done. The rest of the year seemed pretty dead to us. We had been to every point of interest on the island. We went out on little joy rides in the auto and it was great fun to roll

along the boulevards at sixty miles an hour, with the muffler wide open to be chased by the cops on slow moving motorcycles. Fortunately, we were not arrested once during our stay on the island and we surely did do some speeding. The boulevards are exceptionally smooth being made of crushed shell and coral and stretch for miles without a single curve. We visited the theaters often, because we liked to see the Hula Hula girls in their native dances. You, perhaps, have seen these dances done by girls at fairs and carnivals, but the native Kanakas are the best.

It was now about the last of January and we planned to sail the second Monday in February. We shipped the auto home on the same boat on which we came. Just before it was sailing time for us, I should say about a week before, the natives held their annual carnival which lasted the entire week. They had large parades in which Chinese and Japanese school girls played a prominent part. There were parades on the streets all week and some of the natives dressed in highly colored gowns. A great feast or "luau" was held on the third day of the carnival and the whole town came and sat underneath the palm trees to eat their dinners. We became very weary of the carnival before it was over and we were glad when Sunday evening arrived and everything was ready to start home.

The next morning we left our hotel for the steamer. Leaving the hotel seemed to us like leaving home for we became very much attached to it during our stay.

As we walked down the street, we noticed a long line of native women selling flowers and other fancy articles manufactured by them when the tourists were scarce. The natives of this island are, as a whole, very lazy so this probably accounts for so many people in this line of business. We finally arrived at the dock and boarded the ship in high glee.

We pulled anchor in about half an hour and the last we saw of Hawaii was a mere speck on the black or rather blue horizon. Just as the last hills were sinking beneath the water level we broke into the song, "Aloho, Farewell to Thee".

D. JACKSON, '23.

THE COSTUME BALL

"Good-bye mother. Yes, I promise not to stay more than three days. You are sure everything is in this suitcase? It would indeed be dreadful if I should arrive at Mildred's and find my ball dress missing. Well, you are sure you put it in, and I haven't time to open the suitcase now anyway so good-bye, good bye." And in this manner Marie made her departure for the station to catch the 9.45 train into Boston.

"Oh, where on earth is my clean collar? I've emptied every drawer that it should be in and——. Well mother, that's just what I've been looking for. Now where are my cuff links? I always leave them here on the bureau." (On his knees on the floor.) "Well, if it isn't on the bureau it must be under it. Oh, there you are, under the bed, you——."

"Marvin, do hurry it's 9.30 now".

Grabbing his hat and coat. "Yes, I'm coming".

"Well, where's your suitcase?"

"Oh, suitcase be hanged! Is everything in it? Those important papers? Now I'm off, I'll be back day after tomorrow. Good-bye."

So it happened that Marvin, overcoat flying, face flushed, and Marie, with just enough confusion to make her look like a freshly opened rose bud, boarded the train for Boston.

It was only natural that the train was crowded and Marvin having found a seat, Marie asked to share it with him. He, being a gentleman, asked to put her suitcase up in the rack and she consented. As they had never known each other, very little was said, although each thought a great deal.

Marie arrived at Cambridge and with a suitcase in her hand, she took the trolley car to Mildred's home.

Marvin rode to the North Station,

then he too, got off the train with a suitcase in hand.

Now Marvin had a dinner appointment, so on arriving at his hotel, he decided to dress at once and have plenty of time to meet his friend. Of course everything went along nicely until the suitcase was opened, when lo, and behold, to his surprise and horror, he gazed upon the most lovely Nile green satin dress he had ever set eyes on.

"Well of all things! I'd say, if I didn't know myself better that I'd made a pretty good haul in some department store. But on second thought the fates have dealt easily with me. My business appointment isn't until tomorrow. I'll go out and buy myself a collar and make myself presentable for today." No sooner said than done and our hero looked as well as any one could under the present circumstances.

Dinner was progressing rapidly when friend John spoke. "I say Marvin, big costume party on tonight. Let's go."

"What? Go to a costume party, when I haven't even proper clothes to wear to dinner? Nothing doing."

"Don't tell me you haven't anything to wear when you have a suitcase full of lovely clothes. I dare you to come as my best girl."

What could a young fellow twenty years old, do in such a case? Very likely he would do the same as Marvin. Array himself in as careful a manner as any girl of the same age?

And Marie, what had become of her? Her first thoughts were about the same as Marvin's, with the exception of buying a collar. Of course, Marie had Mildred to sympathize with her.

"Oh, Marie, I have the grandest idea. You said you wouldn't wear a fancy costume to the ball, now I stump you to wear that perfectly splendid brown suit".

"Why Mildred Wilman, how could you think of such a thing?"

"Really, I mean it. You're just afraid somebody will recognize it. Why nobody in the world would know you with it on and this perfectly glor-

ious tie. Oh, Marie, I can't wait until you put it on."

Naturally the costume party is the same one mentioned before, so when Marvin arrived and saw—what was that he was looking at?

"John, what was that in the glass, we had for dinner?"

"For heaven's sake, Rosie what's the matter? Look happy will you? And keep your eyes off the brown suit in the corner."

Keep his eyes off, how could he?

And Marie, alias Joseph, was also trying to make her eyes behave.

"Mildred, am I Marie, or is that Marie over there?"

"Silly, your name is Joseph. Now there's the music, go and ask that stunning girl for the dance".

Somehow they met and later they talked and still later they strolled out into the moon light. Each was positive now and each knew not how to broach the subject.

Fate again came to the rescue.

A shadow stealing along the wall scared the girl in the man's clothes

and made brave the man in the girl's clothes. She screamed and her wig came off. He tried to calm her and lost his hat.

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it."

"Well of all things! And my best dress too."

"Gee, you carried it out pretty skillfully."

"I think you're just horrid. Where did you get it anyway?"

"Oh, the train!" together they exclaimed.

"Now really Miss—Miss—"

"Marie Jordan."

"Miss Jordan this is a very ridiculous place for both of us. But we will have to go in and pretend nothing has happened, and then tomorrow, if you will meet me at this place with the suitcase. I'll see that yours is returned also."

So, the story for us ends, although, I presume, their friendship, still continues, with perhaps something more than friendship, who can tell?

A. STYLES, '21.

A MODERN VERSION OF JONAH AND THE WHALE

Dear Brother:

A short time ago I returned from one of the most interesting voyages imaginable. I had left the port of San Francisco on the good ship Sarah Perkins, whaler. We were after sperm whales, the fiercest of their kind.

We sailed for about three days when the lookout sighted a monster one off our port bow. Two boats were lowered at once and gave chase to the whale. He did not see us at first, but when he did, he did not flee, but turned toward us. The men in the first boat sent a harpoon into his side, but it did not strike a vital part. We also threw a harpoon but with no better results. The whale then started to sound, that is, to go for

the bottom. He pursued these tactics until our line was nearly gone and then suddenly changed his plans. He came up "spouting" about a quarter of a mile off. Then he started for the middle of the ocean taking us with him. The whale's maxim is—"Don't give up the Ship," and we stuck to him. Because of the heavy strain, the line from the other boat broke, and so they rode back to the ship to tell them of our plight.

That ride was hair-raising. We were towed at breakneck speed over the combers and then suddenly the boat would pitch downwards and our breath would almost fail us.

As the whale was not severely wounded he did not show any signs of tiring and we were somewhat dubious as to how far we were to be towed.

Finally the monster, evidently sick of this child's play, turned and swam straight for us. We were thoroughly frightened. Miles from help and with no weapon except a harpoon, which we were too excited to notice—our case seemed hopeless, for a sperm whale will attack a boat. He came rushing up through the water and suddenly seized the boat in his immense jaws, tossed it upwards. I had a sinking sensation and then I came to in the mouth of the whale. He was evidently very old for his teeth were somewhat worn, but I felt very much relieved when I began to leave their vicinity. I found the stomach to be an immense cavern which was well lighted by scores of jelly fish.

Feeling somewhat reassured I began to look around and to my amazement saw written, or rather carved on one side of the whale's stomach the following words:—Jonah B. C., 1607. Then I knew where I was. This discouraged me very much and so I went over to the southwest corner and sat down. I took out my pipe and prepared to smoke. While

filling the pipe I dropped some of the tobacco and amazed by its effects, I decided to try an experiment. I began to scatter the tobacco all about and soon the whale's stomach began to writhe and I suspect that he thought he had swallowed something which did not agree with him. Anyway the result was that I again found myself in the Pacific ocean. I struck out, looking for signs of my boat or the ship, but saw none. I swam and swam until finally I was so exhausted that I could go no farther. Then I had the strangest feeling possible. I had an awful sensation of sinking, sinking, to a place where there was no bottom, when I suddenly stopped with a thud, and awoke to find myself on the floor and bedclothes in a somewhat tangled condition.

That voyage of mine was certainly bad for the nerves. I was in Denver last week and expect to come home in about two weeks. Write soon.

With good wishes and love to all the family.

Harold

HAROLD CLARK, '23.

NOT SO EASY

It was three o'clock in the morning. Dawn was stealing upon the city from the harbor. The watchman in the Woolworth tower rubbed his eyes, looked around, then resumed his former comfortable position.

Presently he heard a faint murmur which seemed to be approaching. Mr. O'Flaherty, recognizing the whirr of an airplane engine, arose and scanned the horizon through his telescope. Sure enough, a large monoplane was coming quickly toward the building.

Presently a spark of fire was seen, then the machine burst into flame. Then a tiny speck was seen to fall, hang in the air awhile, then fall a bit toward the tower.

"Must be a parachute," murmured O'Flaherty. "Wonder where the poor guy'll land. Out o' luck, I'll say. Well, the saints can hang me if he doesn't land on this roof."

With these last words muttered, the watchman rushed outside onto the flat concrete roof. Scarcely had he

reached there when the parachute landed. A man dressed in a United States Army uniform looked dazedly around him.

O'Flaherty was first to speak, "Say, Buddy, where you bound for? Not a message for the Uncle I hope".

This gave the man his inspiration. He jumped to his feet and answered, "Yes, my good man, I have a message for the Secretary of War which I must deliver at once. Can't you possibly help me?"

The watchman was too bewildered to recall that the machine had been heading North, so he said that he would do his best. "Come down with me and I'll try to get a special taxi."

Scarcely had the two stepped out into the street when an airplane, unheard, landed on a flat-roofed building across the street. The occupant alighted and went to the edge of the roof. There were beams which jutted out a few feet. The man put one hand on each of two parallel beams and made his way to the end, with his feet in the air. For a moment he balanced on one hand and knee until he had produced a pair of glasses. The mysterious man peered through these, down onto the silent street, then hastened back to his aeroplane, started the motor, and soared high into the air. He chose a course due north which was continued for some time, during which, every few seconds, the man would take out his glasses, glance downward then continue. Finally the plane alighted in a field, behind a large clump of bushes. The occupant jumped out, ran to the edge of the road, then hid in the thicket. Presently the hum of an engine was heard, then around a corner dashed an automobile. The hidden man rushed forward, jumped upon the running-board of the car, drew a gun, and pointed it straight

at the driver, who, seeing that he was helpless, stopped the car.

"Ah, so you thought you'd put one over on us, did you? Well, I confess you kept me busy for a while but the little game's over now." So speaking the man approached, still pointing the steel weapon at his captive, and clasped a pair of handcuffs onto the uniformed man's wrists. "Now I'm 'fraid I'll have to inconvenience you, but I just can't wait until I get a look into those nice big pockets. Come now, you might as well give in." So the captor searched the pockets of his captive. He found several small but heavy boxes and a tiny pistol.

"Just a second. I think I'll examine this. Oh, just as I thought. One chamber is empty. So that's what you did with the taxi driver, eh, sport? Well, I suppose it wasn't your fault that you didn't know about the new aerial police. Let's see, I'll count your crimes, as it were, just to give you an idea of your future. You'll need no fortune teller, my son. Well, first you deserted from the army; second, robbed homes of millionaires; third, stole an aeroplane from one of Uncle Sam's hangars; fourth, murdered or at least wounded the driver of yonder taxi; and fifth and last, stole that car. Well, come along, old fellow. We'll ride back to the big city through the nice fresh morning air."

At the point of the pistol, the criminal went to the waiting aeroplane, jumped into the rear seat, made no resistance when the officer tied him in securely, then took his last ride, which ended in jail.

Perhaps O'Flaherty wasn't surprised when he read the evening paper and saw the picture of his "messenger of Uncle Sam" in the hands of the police. There-after, however, he was a wiser man, although it would not be too much to say that his faith in uniformed men and humanity at large, was considerably shaken.

Teacher.—"Willie use the word noun in a sentence."

Willie, (after thought).—"Every noun then the birdie sang."—Ex.

Heard in the Junior room at recess:

"Getting along all right?"

"Yeah, he's forging ahead."

"Fine, he needs a new one."

A HALLOWE'EN GHOST

Master Ezekiel Hopkins was plodding home through the drifting, brown leaves after spending a pleasant evening at the Center school house. A Hallowe'en party had been given by the Ladies' Aid, and the older girls in Ezekiel's school.

True, Master Hopkins had planned to gallantly escort Belle Simmons home, but that young up-start Billy Perkins had asked her the week before so she could only refuse. The master had one consolation. Monday morning if Billy had forgotten his algebra rules he could avenge himself. Ezekiel gave a satisfied chuckle, pulled down his striped waist coat and quickened his steps.

The brisk wind set his black coat tails a flutter so they looked like challenging pirates' flags. The master's figure presented a grotesque appearance. He was unusually tall and very thin. His narrow shoulders and long legs seemed to add to his height. The long narrow features set with pale blue eyes, a Roman nose, thin lips, protruding ears and topped with an unruly shock of black hair. A tall hat completed his dress. The school master was the principal character in all social gatherings. At such times his pupils partly avenged themselves by playing pranks and making him the target for all jokes.

The party had been a decided success. The decorations and games appropriate. Almost too real for Ezekiel felt a little timid as he entered the shadow of the woods. All the ghost stories that had been related came to his mind. Murders, witches, ghosts, goblins and elves crowded themselves into the poor master's head. He glanced timidly at the dark shadows of the trees. Probably witches were hiding behind the bushes and elves swinging on the branches above his head. But the worst was yet to come. An old

grave yard lay beside the road half a mile beyond the woods. Ghosts and graveyards linked themselves in Ezekiel's terrified brain.

The wind made wierd sounds, the insects and night birds gave uncanny chirps and cries.

Just before he reached the grave yard Master Hopkins halted. He dared not go back through the forest and he hardly dared pass the cemetery. Cautiously he started to proceed. He glanced fearfully at each white stone. Cold beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. The tomb looked gloomy and as if it threatened to open to some new terror.

Suddenly a groan followed by a series of moans and heavy dull thuds were heard. Again came the groans louder than before. Ezekiel's hair rose on end, his mouth flew open and his feet refused to move. Once more came the terrifying sounds. Then with an agonized cry, the master fled down the road. He reached Mr. Logan's, the nearest neighbor and aroused him from his sleep. He panted out the story between chattering teeth. Mr. Logan laughed heartily while he lit his lantern and set out for the graveyard. Ezekiel followed timidly at his heels. The groans were still to be heard and Mr. Logan went to the east end of the yard. Ezekiel was afraid to stay alone so clutching the farmer's arm, they neared the spot.

Holding the lantern high a white object could be seen, it moved and then groaned. Mr. Logan went nearer and gave an exclamation of surprise. Between two mounds lay his old white horse. The horse had evidently strayed from the next pasture and lain down between two graves. He was so fat and old that he could not roll out. The position had been uncomfortable and Prince expressed his feelings. With Mr. Logan's aid Prince got up and wandered back to the pasture.

The story spread like wild fire and Monday morning a very humble figure appeared before the pupils.

MILDRED MAYNARD.

A TRAPPING EPISODE

"Fellows, do you realize that Ed Edson and Jack Johnson are beating us all hollow in catching skunks? For four days they have brought in a skunk each time and together not one of us has caught even one. What shall we do? We never see them going to their traps." It was John Evans who spoke. He seemed to be a natural leader among his comrades.

"I think they go at night, for I called up on the phone last evening and Mr. Edson said that Ed was out with Jack," said Dicky Jones. "I say we had better sneak up to Edson's to-night, the whole of us, and watch. Is it a go?"

That night seven boys hid in the bushes near the Edson's and they soon saw Ed and Jack go out into the woods. Following a cow path, they soon reached an old cemetery. They climbed the fence and started toward the dilapidated tomb. Just as they were part way across the grave-yard, the moon came out from in under a cloud marking the grave-stones in a very startling fashion. "It makes me feel creepy and I think I see things, It's worse though in the old tomb," remarked Jack. "What would the other fellows say if they knew it." From their concealment, the others heard distinctly. After a short consultation the boys left, leaving one to watch Ed and Jack.

Fifteen minutes later, the boys were back at the grave-yard. Each held a nicely folded sheet over his arm. Jimmy Loveland held a mysterious looking box. "It holds some awful white and black masks that my sister bought for her Hallowe'en party. She let me take them and gave me some white stuff from her theatrical outfit. That'll fix us up great."

Jack and Ed were just putting the finishing touches onto their set. It was well covered with dried sheep grass that had blown in through the missing door of the vault. Jack held a flashlight. Suddenly he felt a

touch on his shoulder. Hastily swinging around, he saw an apparition that froze his blood. In back of it were others just like it. They wore long white robes. Their faces were blackish white except for black streaks that made them resemble skulls. The hand that rested on him was ghostly white and boney. The boys were too frightened to speak.

"Why are you in our home, human?" rolled a loud and terrible voice. "Aye, you are robbers. Robbing the dwellings of the departed. What do you say?" spoke the leader facing the other ghosts.

"Make them live with us," bellowed one, "and become the slaves of the absent."

"Brand them with the fiery tongues of our neighbors yonder," suggested another.

"Set them adrift in the phantom boat on the misty stream," chorused the others.

"Follow and touch us not", was the curt demand to the trembling boys.

Soon they reached the "misty stream" commonly known as Snake River. From out of the shadows came boat managed by a masterful ghost. The boys were motioned into the skiff and were shoved out into the current.

"What do you suppose they'll say when they find that it is Ed's own boat?" chuckled one of the ghosts. The others joined in the laugh.

R. F. C. '23.

Ed. Sullivan, (who has a bad habit of calling girls by their last name)—"Hey, Bob, Turner 'round?"

Bob Casey.—"I can't, I got a stiff neck."

An Irishman upon landing in America saw a husky negro and a small white boy sawing wood with a cross cut saw.

After watching them for a while the Irishman came up and hit the negro and said:

"There, if that little feller wants it, you let him have it."



EDITORIALS



We are proud to devote this, the second issue of Netop, to the Sophomore Class. The Sophomores have worked hard to make this, their issue, equal to the many other splendid accomplishments of the class. 1923's record is an enviable one and speaks for itself. Her leaders are capable, her future bright and we wish her the best of luck.

Netop belongs to the students and is published by, and for the students. It is a chronicle of student activities and a medium for the expression of student thought. We sincerely hope that each and every student and alumnus of the Turners Falls High School feels that Netop is HIS paper and that he is going to do all in his power to make it a success. We are glad to receive contributions of any sort from either the students or the alumni and we welcome with pleasure any suggestions for the improvement of Netop. The promptness with which the students have already responded to our requests and the character of the material they have submitted is convincing proof of the fact that we can make Netop a much bigger and better paper. We heartily thank the students for what they have already done and we trust that with their whole-hearted co-operation, Netop will be placed in the front rank of High School magazines.

The students responded quickly to the suggestion that the school raise money for the Hoover Child Feeding Fund. The Sub-Freshmen, who raised the largest sum, are deserving of the most commendation. The cause is a noble one and the money could not have been raised for a better purpose.

The student body, especially the Senior Class, was both surprised and sorry to hear that Miss LaMarsh had resigned to accept a position in the Chicopee High School. She has been with us five years, during most of which time she has been head of the Commercial Department, and class teacher for the classes of 1919 and 1921. Her departure is greatly regretted for she is one who has that rare gift of making a subject interesting to the students. We wish Miss LaMarsh every happiness and trust that she will find her new position a very pleasant one. Netop will be very glad to hear from her at any time.

We started the New Year with a new member of the faculty, Miss Florence McCallum of Manchester, New Hampshire. We trust that Miss McCallum, whom we are glad to welcome to the commercial department, will be as happy here, as we are happy to have her with us.

Great praise is due to those members of the Senior Class who took part in the Senior play which was a credit both to the class and the school. The production was interesting and entertaining to our many friends who attended "The Deacon's Second Wife" given in the Hibernian Hall December 3, 1920. The success of the play was due to Miss Ayer's ability in coaching and to the hard work put into rehearsals. The Senior class wishes to express its gratefulness to Miss Ayer for her services and to thank Mr. Burke and Mr. Cassidy for their many favors.

The girls should not feel badly over the result of their game with Shelburne Falls, for it must be remembered that this was their first game, that they were without rooters and that those on the team had had no previous experience. The girls are to be praised for their perseverance in the face of overwhelming defeat. If every team of T. F. H. S. shows as good spirit, we will be upholding the best traditions of our school.

The basketball men are to be congratulated upon winning the Greenfield game on January 7. The game, one of the closest ever played, was a hard fought struggle from beginning to end. Grit and our set determination to win were the deciding factors in the victory. Because the game was so nearly a tie, our men are deserving of all the more praise. Kells and Laskosky are particularly to be commended for their hard work. We sincerely hope that a third game may be played on a neutral floor, for we know that our team will not fail us.

WE SOPHOMORES

We're in room three at last
And have forgotten the past
When we wearily climbed the stair
And started the day
In perhaps the wrong way
With our lessons unprepared.

With dignified stride
In assembly we pass
No longer thro the front door,
But in with the rest,
To sit with the best,
While the Freshies come in by room
four.

On the honor roll, too,
We keep with the best
And now we are far in the lead,
Bright scholars are we,
With ambition and zeal.
In our school we set the speed.

R. FIELD, '23

SCHOOL NOTES

One morning I decided that it might be well for me to visit the High School and make myself acquainted with some of its activities. I had always attended school plays and concerts and enjoyed them, but it had not occurred to me before that I might find some interest also by visiting the school itself and attending its classes.

Accordingly, I set out and after a wearying climb up the hill, I found myself at the school building. After attending chapel exercises, I went about from room to room visiting various classes. I learned from the Seniors that their class play had been a great success. They took in about \$300 and after expenses were paid, still had a good sum left.

The Junior class is busy now with rehearsals for two plays which are to be given by them in January. These plays, by name, "Mixed Doubles" and "Lost and Found", have been written by the members of the Junior class.

The Juniors are also beginning to think and plan about their Prom. They will soon start to make decorations. In order, to make money for the Prom, they intend to sell candy during recess period.

The sophomores were feeling quite triumphant because of their victory over the Freshmen in the debate to which they had challenged the latter class. The subject was "Resolved that Compulsory Military Training should be adopted in the United States". The Sophomore debaters on the negative side, were Catherine Kelly, Reginald Pierce and Harold Clark. They were coached by the Sub-master, Mr. Burke.

The annual Sophomore social was held Friday evening, November 5th. The committee in charge consisted of Fred Haigis, D. Jackson, Hilda Dudley, Arline Payne and Gerald Lapean. They decorated the hall with their class colors, orange and black. Shumway's orchestra furnished music for dancing. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The social was well attended and everyone seemed to have had a pleasant time.

The class having the best attendance record of the month is allowed to have the use of the Assembly hall for one afternoon. This honor fell

to the Sophomores for October. They took advantage of this opportunity and held a dance from 2.30 to 4.30 one afternoon.

The Freshmen proved themselves good losers, when the decision of the judges in the Sophomore-Freshmen debate, resulted in their defeat. They have reason to be proud of their debaters: (Florence Porter, Ursula Dorsey and Esther Reum), who showed a great deal of preparation and work on the debate. They were greatly aided by Miss O'Melia who coached them.

The Freshmen are well represented in the High School Orchestra, having five members who play. They have but one member of their class, William Parks, who is eligible for the basketball team.

The class has somewhat decreased in number since the beginning of the year, having about fifty-two members at present. Clifton Shover is taking the place of Louis Roth on the nominating committee for the Athletic Association, as the latter is among those who have left school.

After climbing many flights of stairs, I finally reached the top floor where I found many studious young persons busily engaged with their books. Or rather some were busy and others were regarding the clock with wistful eyes. Here I was informed of the activities of these up and coming "Subs".

They were a great help to the Seniors in selling tickets for the Senior Play. In all, they sold one hundred and fourteen. The successful winner of the first prize was Frederick Cassidy who sold 6 tickets. Edson Page who sold 30, captured the 2nd prize.

The Sub-Freshmen are also to be congratulated on their very successful sale of Christmas Health Seals. The pupils were divided into teams. The leading teams were the "All-Stars," led by Bernard Coleman, the "Cracker Jacks" with Gertrude Hosley as leader, and the "Invincibles" led by John Baxa. The first of these teams collected \$33.22, the second \$26.45 and the third \$11.98. The total from the whole class was \$90.11.

The class of 1925 also contributed \$5.50 toward the children's Relief Fund

When the bell rang for dismissal

at one o'clock, and I left the school, I felt well repaid for my visit and I had learned more about the High School life than would have been possible in any other way.

H. JILLSON, '21.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

The first meeting of the Debating Society was held November 5, and meetings are now held every Tuesday. The organization now has an enrollment of twenty-eight and it is hoped that more students will take an active interest. It is planned to give a debate every two weeks and on every alternate week to have some member speak on debating.

The negative side was the victor in the debate, "Resolved: That the detention system in this school should be abolished." Two debates have already been given before the student body and it is hoped that they have created some interest in the Debating Society.

At one of the first meetings, Samuel Blasberg, 1922, was elected Vice-President. The office of Treasurer has not yet been filled.

THINGS WE SOPHOMORES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

How Miss Nelson can keep so sweet tempered in her Caesar class.

Why Miss O'Melia is not an artist.

If Mr. Burke would rather be in the army than in school.

How Miss Hickey can manage the Freshmen.

If there is a place on the map that Miss Ayer has not visited.

If the other classes think Miss Leary as near perfect as we do.

What the faculty think of us.

If Miss Anderson has eyes on all sides of her head.

If Miss Fitzgerald and Mrs. O'Keefe still remember us.

If Mr. Keating ran the car, could he get the Montague and Millers students to school on time?

If Miss McCallum is made of sugar and spice and all things nice.

Where Miss Howe learned the art of discipline.

If Job would have as much patience as Mr. Maddern, were he janitor.

If Mr. Tobey would like a class of all girls.

ORCHESTRA NOTES.

The members of the orchestra met in the first part of November and appointed Frank Brown as librarian. There are now eleven members of the organization; the largest enrollment for several years. Under the direction of Miss Howe, supervisor of music, the orchestra furnished music for the Senior play, Dec. 3.

GLEE CLUB NOTES.

The first meeting of the Glee Club was held on November 4. The following officers were elected: Dorothy Sullivan, President; Ruth Whitney, Vice-President; Anna Crean, Secretary; Librarians, Florence Porter and Helen Cassidy.

At the present time there are forty-six members in the Glee Club, thirty-five girls and eleven boys. It is hoped that more boys will take an interest in the Glee Club and help to make it a successful organization.

Upon receipt of the operetta, "The Yokohama Maid," Miss Howe played and sang a number of selections for the benefit of the members of the Glee Club. It was a vote of the association that this operetta be given.

A committee of three, Dorothy Sullivan, Lillian McCarthy and Joseph Briggs was elected to make plans for some kind of an entertainment to be given for the purpose of obtaining funds.

At a meeting of the Glee Club Thursday, January 13, the following people were elected to take charge of a Food Sale held January 27th: Chairman, Dorothy Sullivan, assistants, Helen Jillson, Florence Murley and Marjorie Porter. The following people were elected to solicit each individual in their class: Marguerite Farren '21, Mary Turner '22, Frances Gowans '23, Anna Crean '24.

EXCHANGE.

"Netop" welcomes the following exchanges:

"The Oracle," Athol, Mass.

"The Hermonite," Mt. Hermon, Mass.

"The Central Recorder," Springfield, Mass.

"The Exponent," Greenfield, Mass.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.

"The Eltrurion," Haverhill, Mass.

"Somerville High School Radiator," Somerville, Mass.

"The Herald," Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.

"The Dial," Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vt.

OUR OPINION.

"The Oracle," Athol, Mass.—You are one of our old friends. However; you did not mention "Netop" in your list of exchanges.

"The Exponent," Greenfield, Mass.—The Christmas number of the "Exponent" is fine. The Literary Department is especially to be commended.

"Somerville High School Radiator."—We enjoy your magazine very much. The Christmas number contains some good Christmas stories.

"The Dial," Brattleboro, Vt.—You have an excellent paper. It contains a good collection of poems and stories.

THEIR OPINION.

Your paper is exceedingly well arranged. The only possible fault we find is in the size of the print.—"Somerville High School Radiator."

A well arranged paper. Why not have a few short stories with more of a plot?—"The Record," Littleton High School, Littleton, N. H.

A neat little magazine. The Literary Department is unusually good.—"The Sandtonian," Sand Springs, Oklahoma.



ATHLETICS

Donovan



Laskosky

BASKETBALL

The basketball season has not started very successfully for Turners Falls. The first three games have all gone in favor of the opponents. The first game, on December 11, was won by Deerfield by a score of 36-6.

Turners Falls	Deerfield
D. Donovan, rf	rf, Petersilge
W. Parks, lf	lf, Kinnear
R. Casey, c	c, Pratt
J. Casey, rg	rg, McKay
R. Kells, lg	lg, Russo

Field goals, Kinnear 14, Pratt 1, Butterfield 3. Foul goals, J. Casey 6, Kinnear 2, Russo 1, Butterfield 5.

The second went to Arms Academy by a score of 33-16 on December 17. It was a fast, clean game and the home team is to be congratulated on their fine showing. Their pass work was excellent.

Turners Falls	Arms
Donovan, rf	rf, Monahan
R. Casey, c	c, Cardwell
Laskosky, rg	rg, Tompson
J. Casey, lg	lg, Johnson

Field goals, Parks 1, R. Casey 1, Laskosky 3, J. Casey 2, Monahan 2, Temple 2, Cardwell 5, Tompson 2. Foul goals, Laskosky 2, Cardwell 10.

On Saturday, December 18, Turners played Greenfield in Washington Hall. The home team was defeated by a score of 36-12.

Turners Falls
Donovan, rf
Parks, lf
Parks, Kells, lf
R. Casey, c
Laskosky, rg
J. Casey, lg

Greenfield
rf, Partenheimer
lf, Temple
lf, Buckley
c, Woodrow
rg, Houghton
lg, Andrews

Field goals, Parks 1, Kells 2, Partenheimer 7, Buckley 3, Woodrow 2, Houghton 1, Bonneville 2. Foul goals, Laskosky 2, J. Casey 3, Woodrow 6.

On Friday evening, January 7, 1921, Turners Falls High School played Greenfield High in the Hibernian Hall. After a fast, hard fought game, Turners won by a score of 17-15. Both teams played hard and never let up until the last whistle sounded. Turners had a fine cheering section out, but there was a noticeable lack of boys.

Turners Falls
W. Parks, rf
R. Kells, lf
R. Casey, c
Laskosky, rg
J. Casey, lf

Greenfield
rf, Bonneville
lf, Buckley
c, Hartman
rg, Houghton
lg, Andrews

Field goals, Parks 2, Kells 2, R. Casey 2, J. Casey 1, Bonneville 1, Buckley 4, Houghton 1. Foul goals, Laskosky 1, J. Casey 2, Buckley 2, Houghton 1.

BOYS!

The school team, fighting under the handicap of lack of weight, is doing its share toward making the Turners Falls High School known and respected. Why don't you do your part? Do you expect our team to go at it alone with no support, pay their own expenses and do their own cheering? Do you expect the team and their coach, Mr. Burke, to give up their time if you do not sacrifice a little? Certainly not. We need a CHEERING SECTION and the Athletic Association needs money to finance the games. Show some school spirit. Get a cheer leader and form a cheering section. By that I don't mean 10 or 12 people, but everyone who is not on the team. What others can do we most certainly can also.

OUR BOYS!

We have a team and it always is handy
 The way they do team work is just simply dandy,
 They practice by day and practice by night,
 But what is the difference, it's their great delight.
 Now "Rusty" our hero's a marvel you know;
 He just takes the ball and gives it a throw
 While "Stubby" is ready to catch it right off
 And tosses and bounds it, till he gets a clear shot.
 Then comes an opponent who grabs up the ball
 And rushes quickly to his side of the hall,
 But Jack is right there with his eye on that man
 And races towards him and gives him a slam.
 Of course, by that time Duggie's right there
 And passes the ball to Billy nearby
 Then Bob gives a whistle and leaps in the air
 And makes a basket as easy as pie.

D. A. S., '21.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NOTES

The nominating committee of the Athletic Association nominated John O'Connell and Gordon Templar for the position of manager of the basketball team. The candidates were voted on by the school who elected John O'Connell. Mr. Keating explained in assembly the method that was to be used in determining the assistant managers. Students desiring this position were to send their names to him and two were to be selected. Of these two, the one who was the best worker was to be the manager for the next year. The candidates were to be from the Junior and Sophomore classes.

TURNERS FALLS HIGH SCHOOL.

True is every member,
 United and strong are we,
 Remember you're a student,
 Not here just to loaf and plea;
 Engage all your precious moments,
 Revising your papers and themes,
 Success is the aim of the SENIORS,
 and this is the way to succeed.

Friendship links us together.
 America's our own dear land,
 Labor and try to help her
 Like Lincoln, our own true man.
 Success will be your outcome; and
 you'll get a helping hand.

Honor your teachers and classmates
 I know, of course, that you do,
 Give the following your attention,
 Honesty's a virtue to rule.

Success with our teachers is proven,
 Consider our coach, Mr. Burke.
 He studied science and Latin
 Only his lessons he ne'er did shirk,
 Oh! students study like he did,
 Let success be the result of your
 work.

D. SULLIVAN.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls' basketball team of Turners Falls High School got into action Friday, December 17, 1920, and played their first game with Shelburne Falls. It was a hard game, but the girls managed to drop in one basket. A great many girls have taken a live interest in basketball and since then many good players have been developed. In the game, Turners vs. Shelburne, Shelburne won, 60 to 2. M. Donelson was the individual star, getting 12 baskets from the floor and 4 fouls. Miss Gould had her eye on the basket also and caged 11.

The lineup was as follows:

Turners Falls	Shelburne Falls
D. Sullivan, rf	lg, B. Kurpbury
D. Cummings, lf	rg, H. Loomis
E. Basset, c	c, G. Gould
A. Koch, rg	lf, M. Tyler
A. Grogan, lg	rf, M. Donelson

Goals from floor: Miss Donelson 12, Miss Gould 11, Miss Tyler 6, Miss Sullivan 1. Goals from fouls: Miss Donelson 4. In the last half of the game, Miss Marjorie Campbell entered as a substitute for Miss Doris Cummings.

At a meeting of the girls' basketball team held on December 7, Miss Dorothy Sullivan was elected Captain of the team. At a previous meeting, Miss Elizabeth Basset had been elected Manager.

As it was decided to run a series of inter-class games, the following Captains were elected in each class: Senior, Dorothy Sullivan; Junior, Bertha Murley; Sophomore, Helen Gibson and Freshman, Doris Cummings. It is hoped that more of the girls in the upper classes will come out for practice and show more enthusiasm. Don't be a slacker because your friend is. Show her that you have a little "school spirit" even though she hasn't.

Friday, January 7, two well-matched teams, namely Blacks and Whites, played basketball between the halves of the regular Greenfield

game. The Blacks were victorious, Miss Basset being the star of the evening, while Miss Sullivan, of the Whites, led the onslaught of the losers. On the whole, the game was very good. The girls went at it like league tossers and showed the results of excellent training. Contrary to expectations there was little hair-pulling or finger-nail tactics between the opposing teams. The following played in the first half:

Blacks	Whites
E. Basset, c	rf, D. Sullivan
M. Royer, rf	lf, D. Cummings
B. Murley, lf	c, M. Campbell
B. Rivet, lg	rg, A. Grogan
C. Kelley, lg	rg, A. Koch
H. Gibson, rg	lg, D. White
	lg, F. Murley

The final score was, Blacks 29, Whites 14. Baskets from floor, Basset 13, Sullivan 6. Baskets from fouls, Sullivan 2, Basset 1.

On Friday, January 14th, the girls' basketball team played a private game with the Greenfield High School team in Greenfield. The game was a strenuous one. The Greenfield team had the honor of winning the game with a score of 39-5. The girls on the winning team deserve a great deal of praise for the way in which the game was carried on. Miss Field, captain of the Greenfield team, certainly had her eye on the basket, proving to be the star of the game. The line-up was as follows:

Turners Falls	Greenfield
D. Sullivan, lf	lf, M. Field
M. Royer, rf	rf, M. Crosier
E. Basset, c	c, E. Erhart
B. Murley, rg	rg, M. Holmes
M. Campbell, lg	lg, M. Grogan

Since the Turners Falls rules were carried out in the first half of the game it was only fair that the game be played with Greenfield rules in the last half. Thus, side centers, H. Gibson for Turners Falls, and M. Holmes for Greenfield, were put in the second half.

Score, 39-5. Baskets from floor, Miss Sullivan 1, Miss Basset 1, Miss Field 16, Miss Crosier 3. Goals from fouls, Miss Sullivan 1, Miss Erhart 1, Miss Crosier 2.

OUR CLASS 1923

In our class are forty-one students,
Ready to do their best,
For work we do, when it is time,
And after we laugh and jest.

We are proud of our teacher Miss
Leary
Whom the boys think dances like a
fairy,
Her smile is contagious
And her frown outrageous
But nevertheless, she is always there
To lend a helping hand in despair.

First of all is Clinton Nims,
Who by the window reclines.
The next seat Helen wins,
Who can make wonderful signs.
Oh! Warwick we must not forget,
Whose hair is always so bright;
And Helen O'Keefe, you bet,
I always see in sight.
Next is Gerald who can play ball,
Richard, who can debate;
And Owen who is clever in all,
Who, at no time is ever late.

In the back seat reposes Arline,
Who, you'll admit is great,
Along in order comes Evelyn,
Who has a wonderful fate.
Then there is Fred, and then I,
Of course we do admit
Fred Haigis enjoys pulling hair
Of girls, who in back seats sit.
For Frances Gowans, I shall not fear,
As she entertains Warwick Annear.
Rebecca, the artist, and John Charron
is strong,
Finish those who in this row belong.

Hilda is first in the next row,
With all her happiness and all her
glow,
Dorothy her friend, of course, is near,
As for Harold Gerard we'll never
fear.
Forrest Fitts next, who knows how to
flirt,
Sisson in back, who knows how to
smile,
Harold Clark, the debater and shark
Who leads with Latin and French by
a mile.
Marguerite Cooke who sits in the
back,
Whose hair is thick, and attention
does attract.

Reginald Pierce comes next, so gay
And Catherine Kelly the piano can
play.

Grace Conway can sing very well at
all times,
And Helen Gibson in basketball
shines.

Next is Anna Koch who can bottle
milk well,
And Elizabeth Casey who knows how
to sell.

Mildred Wheeler who enjoys English
History.

Catherine Bauch, jokes can always
see.

Madeline Campbell is next and then
Paul, you know,
Dunston Jackson writes stories and
never is slow.

Russell Parks and Charles Hertter
Come next I think,
And Fred King who never
Writes nonsensical jink.

Esther Czuj a friend of Miss Gibson,
you know,

Helen Wright who is never on the go.
Mildred Maynard who has been so
bright,

Mildred Cole never stays out at night.
Oh! Marguerite Crowe I must not
forget,

As she writes very good stories yet.
Doris Negus, who has just entered
our class,

I am sure she in all subjects will pass.

Now this is the class and the history
Of each student in it except me;
I can not of course tell about myself,
Except, that I am a naughty elf.

MILDRED L. WELSH, '23.

P. S. Lest we forget our poet,
Mildred Welsh,
She tries all cowards to squelch,
Though she likes the boys, especially
Fred,

You never catch her "raising Ned".
C. M. KELLEY '23.

The Only One Lacking.

"What makes you so sure there is
no such thing as a fourth dimen-
sion?"

"Because," answered the discour-
aged fat man, "if there was I'd have
it."

IMPURITIES!

Impurities! Impurities! What bard
has sung thy fame?
What Milton or what Shakespeare
has immortalized thy name?
And yet, O base impurities, thou art
an aid to science—
For without thee our noble Prof.
would lose his self reliance.

For oft when in some "question put
to nature," deep and grave,
He risks his unstained name for truth
with thee alone to save.
Aloft he holds his test-tube, and says,
in accents warm,
"Observe, my boys, a reddish brown
precipitate will form."

He mixes the solutions—a precipitate
is seen—
But, instead of reddish brown, we
see a brilliant Kelly green.
The students pass around the wink—
in joyful groups they stand—
"The old boy's stung at last" they
say, "He's overplayed his hand."

But our noble son of science still
maintains his thoughtful mien;
'Twould be unseemly if he let his
inward qualms be seen:
A knowing smile spreads o'er his
face, for oft he's thus behaved—
"Impurities!" He shakes his head.
Again the day is saved.

A. Edson, 1920.

Studios are we at all times
Over-the-top in all we dO
People we strive to helP
Honor is our wealtH
Our work we faithfully dO
Maximum results, our aiM
Obedience is our mottO
Recitations show our laboR
Each for all we work and strivE
Sincere are we to all personS

A little girl cried because she was
sick and unable to attend school. She
told her mother that the teacher was
going to drop her into the furnace
if she was absent.

On inquiring the mother found
that the teacher had said that if any
one was absent a certain number of
days she would be obliged to drop
that person from the register.

MY VISIT TO THE HARBOR

(Townsend Harbor, Mass.)

I went down to the Harbor,
A year or so ago,
To do a little fishing,
And "do" the town you know.

The Season, was summer,
The weather, was fine.
And all that I needed was
A fishing pole and line.

When I woke up in the morning
Which sometimes was quite late,
The way the "fritters" disappeared
Was a caution now you "bate"
(bet).

One night, I went a-fishing,
With "Aunt Myra" of fishing fame,
But I did not get a single fish,
Now, wasn't that a shame?

I went a-berrying too,
So auntie could make a pie.
And when I got my pail full
I climbed a pine tree high.

And there I stood and teetered
On a limb that would bend low.
And auntie was afraid I'd break my
neck
And no more a-fishing go.

I plan to go there next summer,
If everything goes right,
And the way I'll haul the fish in
Will surely be a sight.

When "Bubby" goes to the Harbor,
In the good old summer time
I hope auntie will be ready
With the boat and hook and line.
F. FITTS, '23.

Teacher—"What are the names of
the people who live in Poland?"
Xtra Bright: "Poles."

Teacher—"And what are the
names of the people who live in Hol-
land?"

Xtra Bright. — (After some
thought) "Holes."

Heard in Geometry class:

Miss A.—"Under what conditions
do two lines meet?"

J. Cassidy.—"When they come to-
gether."

PRO MERITO SOCIETY.

Eleven scholars in the class of 1921 have been made members of the Pro Merito Society. They are: Edna Whitney, Agnes Styles, Helen Milkey, Pauline Haeussler, Ruth Croft, Helen Jillson, Ruth Wilder, Germaine Dessereault, Beatrice Alber, Chenery Salmon and Paul Burnham.

A meeting of these members was called and the following officers elected: President, Chenery Salmon; Vice-President, Ruth Croft; Secretary, Helen Jillson. It is hoped that the society, having been organized, will be able to accomplish some work during the remainder of the year.

Just before the Christmas vacation, the Pro Merito pins were presented to the respective members, by Mr. Edson. They were welcome Christmas presents.

ALUMNI NOTES.

It is always pleasing to receive a word of encouragement from anyone, but especially from the Alumni, who show that they are still interested in their High School and its welfare. We are grateful to have received encouraging letters from the following members of the class of 1920: John M. Donovan, Isidor Skura, Dorothy Cooke, Herbert Walker, Anthony Makcofsky, Albert Moreau and Alexander Roumacher.

Readers of the Springfield Republican may have noticed that the Sunday paper for December 5th contained a picture of the cross-country squad of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. Those who looked carefully may have recognized in the picture a member of the class of '20, Henry Bates.

The Boston Post for January 5th contained an article concerning the scholarships awarded by Boston University. Turners Falls High School should feel highly honored that one of its graduates, Herbert Walker, '20, should be one of the five University students, to be awarded a scholarship from the Professor Augustus Howe Buck Educational fund. This fund was established to help boys with a high scholastic standing, good character, and high ideals

through college, and the fund provides for graduate study abroad if the men are doing satisfactory work. To quote the Post: "Herbert Walker is from Turners Falls. He has chosen the difficult path of science and will devote his life to scientific research. All the boys have graduated with highest honors from high school."

The following is an extract of a letter received from John Donovan, '20.

"I came to the University of Maine last September, with that same feeling that I had during my last year in high school as a senior, which feeling some of you know and which many of you will know someday. But very soon after I arrived here, I found that that feeling was entirely out of place, and that I had to adapt myself to my new surroundings, if I wished to live peacefully here. I set out to do this, and it was by no means an easy task. It meant something to begin all over again as a Freshman, and especially so by the fact that I was joining a fraternity.

"However, now I am accustomed to my new life and like it immensely. I have taken my three degrees into Theta Chi Fraternity SAFELY, and found them very interesting. They also created much FEELING (brotherly feeling I mean) amongst us. Also, of course, I have received a cold shower for getting up TWO MINUTES late one morning, had to count the planks in the Orono bridge and read the inscription on top one night at twelve o'clock (I got home at two), have to say "yes sir" and "no sir" to the upper classmen in the house, carry matches for all upper classmen, wear my freshman cap, and NEVER talk to a co-ed on the campus (once in a while I get by with it) and many other things that I have not space to tell about, except the "night shirt parade" and the bag scrape (oh, you paddles), in which we Freshies came out victorious but rather beaten in the way of wearing apparel.

"But along with all these PLEASURES comes much hard study. I can't explain how, but it is entirely different from high school. Some classes you have one hour a week

and some two, three, four, and five hours a week. Some days you have a number of recitations and others you have only a few, and then at times you have hours off between classes. You can see how different this is from high school and how you would act under these same circumstances. It is a mighty peculiar situation to be in, especially for those not accustomed to these circumstances. Thus the first thing a freshman has to do is to give himself a good stiff course in HOW TO STUDY and when he has passed satisfactorily or when his marks show results, he can feel that he has accomplished a great deal toward a successful college career.

"In concluding I hope that I have been able to help in the publishing of this issue, and wish that any of my old schoolmates or the new Freshies like myself, having any spare time, would drop me a line once in a while. For though an Alumnus I still love and am interested in old Turners Falls High School.

"Your loyal Alumnus,

"John M. F. Donovan, Jr.,

"Theta Chi Fraternity,

"University of Maine,

"Orono, Maine."

"To the Alumni Editor:

"This world is such a busy place that I find very little time to write letters. Albeit, the letter from you has given me the incentive to write—in fact, I feel it to be my duty. I feel I owe the Turners Falls High School a great deal, and it is my great desire and pleasure to show my appreciation by sending a word of encouragement.

"The value of a school paper I presume you all realize in the very fact that you are attempting to publish a school journal. Please accept my moral backing and rely on my material support, inasmuch as I will be able to give. Let the torch of progress be your guide, and the attainment of the genuine be your goal. Uphold the doctrine of decency, thereby developing the appreciation of the finer and the nobler things in life. In this you have my heartiest wishes for infinite success.

"I am at present a student in the

New York University, School of Law. New faces, new requirements, and a new environment. The grave, old professors are a disinterested lot as far as the individual student is concerned. The friendship among students is limited because they all come from different parts of this great metropolis. We cannot distinguish the good from the bad unless we experience both. It naturally follows that the good old days of the High School were the best and most enjoyable. In order to advance, however, we must adjust ourselves to the new conditions in the best way we know how.

"I close with best wishes to all my former school mates and teachers. To Mr. Keating I owe great appreciation and I use this medium to express it.

"Sincerely yours,

"ISIDOR S. SKURA.

"75 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y."

ALUMNI 1919.

Blondena Argy is a senior at the Fitchburg Normal School.

Earl Squires is a clerk in the Crocker National Bank and Raymond Parsons in the Savings Bank.

Philip Casey is in the Montague Machine Co. office and Richard Casey is foreman in the Cutlery.

Gertrude Neipp is cashier at the Greenfield telephone office.

Robert Ripley was married last summer and is now living on a farm in Montague.

Alfred Stotz is a sophomore at Dartmouth.

Edward Teahan is attending school in New York.

Daniel Welcome is employed by the International Paper Co.

Mary Bates attends Northampton Commercial College.

Marion Bellows is a stenographer in the office of the Woods Manufacturing Co.

Katherine Bitzer is employed in the office of a Springfield lawyer.

Mabel Bourbeau works in the Goodell Pratt & Co. office.

Emily Carson is a stenographer in the Cutlery office.

Evelyn Trembl, Theresa Sullivan and Helen McCrea are employed in the office of the Greenfield Tap &

Die Co., and Esther Herter at the American Tap & Die Co.

Anna Killelea lives in Springfield. Florence McClintock is employed in an office in Hartford, Conn.

Harry Stoneman attends Norwich University.

Warren Argy entered M. A. C. in the fall, but because of sickness was forced to return home.

ALUMNI 1918.

Evangeline Simons is employed in the office of the Montague City Rod Shop. She is also studying elocution.

Eunice Brigham is at home studying and teaching music.

Gertrude Keefe is in the office of the Standard Oil Co., Greenfield.

Kenneth Jacobus has moved with the rest of his family to California.

George Keegan attends Boston University.

Gertrude Vivier works in the office of the Goodell & Pratt Co.

Coral Henries is in on the office force of the Millers Falls Tool Co.

Gertrude Kelliher is employed in the Keith Paper Co. offices.

Marion Southworth was married on Thanksgiving Day, 1919. She now lives in Vermont.

Joseph Griesbach works in the Cutlery.

Harry Brazeau is employed by the Montague Machine Co.

Wilfred Cadorette is in Rutland, Vermont.

Walter Jillson is a Junior at Brown University.

Antoinette Bourdeau is employed in the office of the Chamberlain Garage.

William Davis and Francis Styles are attending Norwich University.

Charles Farwell is working in Charlotte, N. C.

Edna Cooke is employed by the Greenfield Tap & Die Corp.

Mabel Foster works in the Turners Falls Power & Electric Co. office.

Ralph Hosley works at Cassidy's Garage.

Margaret Hopkins is in Brattleboro.

Eileen Kelleher teaches in the South End School.

Laurence Marvel is employed in the Millers Falls Tool Co.

Mary Meyer is on the Keith office force.

Nicholas Murley works in the office of the McLane Silk Mill.

Alice Nash is an operator at the local telephone exchange.

James O'Neil is employed by the Greenfield Shanahan Bros.

Nelson Pollard works for the Wiley & Russell Co., Greenfield.

Dorothy Porter teaches in Bellows Falls.

Elizabeth Sauter is a member of the office force in the International Paper Co.

Florence Strom is a stenographer in the Millers Falls Paper Co. office.

James Thomas is at Tufts College.

Josephine Vladish is in the office of the Esleeck Mill.

Emily Wilder is a stenographer at the Crane Co., Springfield.

William Hoelle is employed as shipping clerk by the Greenfield Tap & Die Corp.

Elizabeth Milkey is teaching school in New York.

Jessie Baldwin is also teaching school in Allston, Mass.

Francis Koonz has accepted a position in the Boston State House.

Red Hot Western Melodrama Recipe.

Take as many villains as desired, the tougher the better, soak in iniquity, add young country lamb and a tenderfoot. Season with desert dust, lots of Indians and gun play. Keep boiling furiously and serve with garnishings of sagebrush and cactus. A pinch of matrimony at the last adds greatly to this dish.

A Fatal Metaphor.

A young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

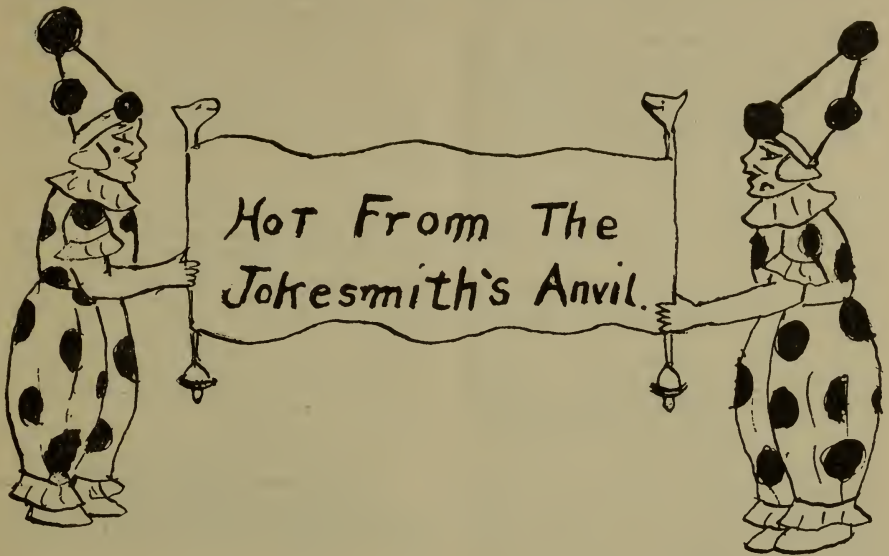
"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her.

"I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And then he wondered why she rose and left the room.

Heard in Various Places.

T. H. '21 (in English).—"He started to write poetry and his wife died.



Heard in the Sub-Fresh. Room:
 Teacher—"What did Daniel Webster do for the U. S.?"
 Bright Student—"He wrote Webster's Dictionary."

Man.—"Is New York the next stop?"
 Porter.—"Yes, sah; brush you off, sah?"
 Man.—"Not on your life, I'll get off in the regular way."

In music.—"Keep one eye on your book and one on me."
 Voice from the rear.—"What will we do with the other one."

Senior.—"That was a put up job."
 Freshie, looking for information.—"What was?"
 Senior.—"The ceiling."

M. T. "I wish that old car would give me time to eat some breakfast in the morning because I am losing all my hair from lack of proper nourishment."

E. D.—"A glacier is a hot mass of ice and snow."

Mr. Burke (dictating in Chem.)—
 Weight change on heating metals.
 R. Whitney (writing).—Wait change on heating metal.

Fancy spelling found in history exam:
 Bulsheveki, squask (squash) J. C. '22. Pidgeons (pigeons) G. T. '21.

Mr. Burke (in history.—"What was the old custom of the 'Estates General'?"
 Fred H.—"To wear old clothes."

Man at breakfast table.—"Mary my cocoa is cold."
 Wife in kitchen.—"Put on your hat."

Pupil.—"What keeps people from falling off the earth when they are upside down?"
 Teacher.—"The law of gravity."
 Pupil (after deep consideration).—
 "Where did they go before the law was passed?"

He means alright, but—
F. H. (in chem.) "If you breathe too much chlorine it will kill a dog."

When John went to Europe his father told him that if he ever got into trouble to send him a short wireless. One day the father received a wireless, "collect" which said:

"S. O. S., \$, P. D. Q.. R. S. V. P."

H. B. '21 (on the car one morning) "Say Pauline, your bar pin is unbuttoned."

Miss O'Melia. "Those who sit near the windows run up the curtains"

Teacher to new student: "What system of typewriting did you learn?"
Student: "The 'hunt' system."

Umpire. "Foul."
Smart child. "Where are the feathers?"

Umpire. "This is a picked team, little one."—(Ex.)

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,
And settled down to drill,
He bored away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

The Sophomores saw a path of green,
They thought it was the freshman class,

But when they nearer to it drew,
They saw it was a looking-glass.

J. C. '22—"Say they're giving away brand new dollar bills down at the Five & Ten cent store today.

M. G. '22—"S'at right?"

J. C. '22—"Yep, every time yuh give the clerk five bucks for a four dollar necktie."

M. C. "What a sick looking watch."

D. D. "Yeh, its' hours are numbered."

Miss Anderson—"Give your oral theme, Casey."

J. Casey—"Mine is on Paper," (Manufacture of Paper.)

Miss Anderson—"It should have been oral, Mr. Casey."

Teacher (after lesson on snow).—"As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Sophomore.—"Gloves."

Speaker, (who was noted for saying "er.")—"The man had one foot in the grave and one foot all but—er—"

Heard in a Montague school room:
The teacher was telling the pupils about the presidential election and one of the pupils, who appeared very much interested, asked why they held it.

"For a new president," answered the teacher.

"But why is Mr. Edison leaving?" inquired the pupil.

THISTHEWAYHERACEDALONG
ATFORTYMILESANHOUR
THIS-THE-SPEED-HE-WALKED-
BACK-HOME-WHEN-BUSTED-WAS
HIS-POWER.

F. H. (translating French).—"There was no women except some men."

S. B. (in English).—"Hamlet did not want to murder King Claudius for he wished to kill him some other way."

Pinkey.—"I haven't slept for days."

E. Wood.—"S'matter sick?"

Pinkey.—"No. I sleep nights."

An echo from Senior English—Sad but true:

"The brigard destroyed his adversary's contour."

The Freshies will please use a dictionary to get full benefit of this Senior humor.

R. Casey.—"Hello, old man; have any luck shooting?"

Jameson.—"I should say I did, I shot 17 ducks in one day."

R. Casey.—"Were they wild?"

Jameson.—"Well, no, not exactly, but the farmer who owned them was."

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
 He erat, was, you bettum;
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarettum;
 He wore a diamond studibus,
 An elegrant cravattum,
 A maxima cum laude shirt,
 And SUCH a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,
 And bet on games and equi;
 At times he won; at others, though,
 He got it in the nequi;
 He winked (quo usque tandem?)
 At puellas on the Forum,
 And sometimes even made
 Those goo-goo occulorum!

He frequently was seen
 At combats gladiatorial,
 And ate enough to feed
 Ten boarders at Memorial;
 He often went on speers
 And said, on starting homus,
 "His labor—opus est,
 "Oh, where's my hic-hic-domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—
 Of all the arts the middle—
 He was (excuse the phrase)
 A horrid individ'l;
 Ah! what a diff'rent thing
 Was the homo (dative, hominy)
 Of far-away B. C.
 From us of Anno Domini.
 (Wit and Humor of America.)

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Washington became president at
 the close of a seven-year revolution.

President Lincoln took office at the
 beginning of a four-year civil war.

President Hayes took office at the
 close of a threatened political revolution.

Every Democratic president has
 lived to complete the full term for
 which he was elected.

Jefferson, "the Sage of Monticello,"
 was the first president to be inaugurated
 in Washington.

President-elect Grant refused to
 ride with retiring President Johnson
 in the inaugural procession.

The first real inaugural procession
 was in connection with the inauguration
 of President Madison.

The first woman who heard her son
 deliver a presidential inaugural was
 the mother of James A. Garfield.

Mrs. Taft was the first wife of an
 incoming president to accompany her
 husband in the inaugural procession.

President Jackson rode to his inauguration
 in a carriage constructed from a part of the hull of the frigate
 Constitution.

President Monroe was the first to
 be inaugurated in the open air, taking
 the oath on a stand in the east
 front of the Capitol.

On the day of the inauguration of
 President Taft the national capitol
 was visited by one of the worst blizzards
 in its history.

The first inauguration in which
 citizen soldiery from the various
 states participated was that of President
 William Henry Harrison.

President Benjamin Harrison was
 escorted at his inauguration by the
 survivors of the 70th Indiana Volunteer
 Infantry, which he had commanded
 in the Civil war.

President John Adams left Washington
 on the evening of March 3, 1801, and
 did not attend the inauguration of his
 successor, Thomas Jefferson, the following
 day.

When Garfield entered the Senate
 chamber on the day of his inauguration,
 just prior to taking the oath of office,
 the first man to greet him was Gen.
 Hancock, the Democratic candidate
 whom he had defeated for the presidency.

An event that probably will never
 be repeated in American history occurred
 March 4, 1825, when John Quincy
 Adams took the oath of office as president
 in the presence of his father, John Adams,
 the venerable ex-president of the United
 States.

Socialist.—"I want reform, I want
 educational reform, I want housing
 reform, I want—"

Bored voice.—"Chloroform."

Indignant Guest.—"Here, waiter,
 I have just found a collar button in
 this pie."

Placid Waiter.—"Yes, sah, did yo'
 see anything of an umbrella boss;
 one was lost heah las' night."

Silently, one by one,
 In the notebooks of the teachers
 Blossom the lonely zeros
 The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

FRESHMEN PLEASE NOTICE

The Res Teezy Crib Co. has received a large order from the T. F. H. S. for their Freshmen.

A Nursery is to be established in the old gymnasium.

Classes—Every now and then.
Please be prompt at classes.

Force of Habit.

"Phwat was the last card oi dealt ye, Mike?"

"A spade."

"Oi know it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

False Alarm.

"I think the baby has your hair ma'am," said the new nurse, looking pleasantly at her mistress.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady looking up from the novel, "Run into the nursery and take it away from her. She will ruin it."

English student: "Stevenson curled up and went to sleep."

C. A. DAVIS

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The Last Period.

Toward the clock he cast a glance
In great anticipation
But he gazed as in a trance
At the startling revelation.

"A whole half hour yet in here!"
Murmurs he in great dismay
Then he smiles at a whisper near
"Tomorrow's a holiday!"
G. LaPean, '23.

Inquisitive One—"Do you find
Algebra hard?"

Freshman—"No, but my answers
are too original to suit my teacher."

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Courtesy is little more than proper consideration for the rights and viewpoints of your associates.—(Ex.)

Teacher: "Why was Keat's last poem called his "Swan Song?"

W. T. "Because he was sailing when he wrote it."

Soph.: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Freshie: "I'm carrying one and dragging three."

A pessimist is a blind man in a dark cellar on a dark night hunting for a black cat that isn't there.

Teacher: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Sub.: "I thought he lived in the White House."

"The Ed. of Humor and Rumor announces her engagement to Philip Spasce."—(Mt. Holyoke News).

"Bob Casey is fond of anything connected with "Bob," especially hobbled hair."

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